

# My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF  
A GRAY JACKET  
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"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"  
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message in Latin. Accompanied by Sgt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. They get within the lines of the enemy and in the darkness Wayne is taken for a Federal officer and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape. One of the horse scouts and Craig goes through with the dispatches while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They were in a hut and entering it in the darkness a huge man in armor, Wayne believes the knight, enters. Wayne believes the knight is the knight, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer, who has been captured. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy and he is brought before Sheridan, who declares him with death unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Sheridan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is rescued by Sgt. Craig, who starts to reach Gen. Lee while Wayne in disguise penetrates to the ball room, beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Miner and barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan, recognizing Wayne, says she will save him.

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Colonel Curran is certainly to be congratulated upon having found so charming a guide, madam, and I can assure you I shall most gladly do my part toward the success of the expedition. The Major was expected back before this, I believe?"

"He left word that if he had not returned by twelve I was to wait for him no longer, as he should go directly to his quarters. I find the life of a soldier to be extremely uncertain."

"We are our country's servants, madam," he replied, proudly, and then taking out a pad of blanks from his pocket, turned to me.

"May I ask your full name and rank, Colonel?"

"Patrick L. Curran, Colonel, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery."

He wrote it down rapidly, tore off the paper, and handed it to me.

"That will take you safely through our inner guard lines," he said gravely, "that being as far as my jurisdiction extends. Good-night, Colonel; good-night, Mrs. Brennan."

We bowed ceremoniously, and the next moment Mrs. Brennan and I were out upon the steps, breathing the cool night air. I glanced curiously at her face as the gleam of light fell upon it—how calm and reserved she appeared, and yet her eyes were aglow with intense excitement. At the foot of the steps he glanced up at the dark, projecting roof far above us.

"Do you suppose he can possibly be up there yet?" she asked, in a tone as low as to be inaudible to the ears of the sentry.

"Who? Bungay?" I questioned in surprise, for my thoughts were elsewhere. "Oh, he was like a cat, and there are trees at the rear. Probably he is safe long ago, or else a prisoner once more."

Beyond the gleam of the uncovered windows all was wrapped in complete darkness, save that here and there we could distinguish the dull red glare of camp-fires where the company cooks were yet at work, or some sentry post had been established. We turned sharply to the left, and proceeded down a comparatively smooth road, which seemed to me to possess a rock basis, it felt so hard. From the position of the stars I judged our course to be eastward, but the night was sufficiently obscured to shroud all objects more than a few yards distant. Except for the varied camp noises on either side of us the evening was oppressively still, and the air had the late chill of high altitudes. Mrs. Brennan pressed more closely to me as we passed beyond the narrow zone of light, and unconsciously we fell into step together.

A few hundred yards farther a fire burned redly against a pile of logs. The forms of several men lay outstretched beside it, while a sentry paced back and forth in and out of the range of light. We were almost upon him before he noted our approach, and in his hand he swung his musket down from his shoulder until the point of its bayonet nearly touched my breast.

"Halt!" he cried sternly, peering at us in evident surprise. "Halt! this road is closed."

"Valley Forge," whispered the girl, and I noticed how white her face appeared in the flaming of the fire.

"The word is all right, Miss," returned the fellow, stoutly, yet without lowering his obstructing gun. "But we cannot pass any one out on the counter-slope alone. If you was going the other way it would answer."

"But we are returning from the officers' ball," she urged anxiously, "and are on our way to Major Brennan's quarters. We have passed."

As she drew the paper from out her glove one of the men at the fire sprang to his feet and strode across the narrow road toward us. He was smooth of face and boyish looking, but wore corporal's stripes.

"What is it, Mape?" he asked sharply.

Without waiting an answer he took the paper she held out and scanned it rapidly.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Reputation of a Woman.

Like a flash occurred to me the only possible means by which we might escape our discovery—an instant disclosure of my supposed rank, coupled with indignant protest. Already, believing me merely some private soldier straying out of bounds with a woman of the camp as companion, he had thrown himself from the saddle to investigate. Whatever was to be done must be accomplished quickly, or it would prove all too late. To think was to act. Stepping instantly in front of the shrinking girl and facing him, I said sternly:

"I do not know who you may chance to be, sir, nor greatly care, yet your words and actions imply an insult to this lady which I am little disposed to overlook. For your information per-



"Halt! This Road is Closed."

sist me to state, I am Colonel Curran, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, and am not accustomed to being halted on the road by every drunken fool who sports a uniform."

He stopped short in complete surprise, staring at me through the darkness, and I doubted not was perfectly able to distinguish the gleam of buttons and gleam of braid.

"Your pardon, sir," he ejaculated at last. "I mistook you for some runaway soldier. But I failed to catch your words; how did you name your self?"

"Colonel Curran, of Major-General Hallock's staff."

"The hell you are! Curran is a full gray beard a month ago!"

He took a step forward, and before I could recover from the first surprise

shook of surprise was peering intently into my face.

"Damn it!" he cried, tugging violently at a revolver in his belt. "I know that face! You are the meanly Johnny Reb I brought in day before yesterday."

There came a quick flutter of drapery at my side, and she, pressing me firmly backward, flung him without a word.

The man's extended arm dropped to his side as though pierced by a bullet, and he took one step backward, shrinking as if his startled eyes beheld a ghost.

"Edith!" he cried, as though doubting his own vision, and the ring of armor in his voice was almost piteous. "Edith! My God! You here, at midnight, alone with this man?"

However the words, the tone, the gesture may have stung her, her face remained proudly calm, her voice cold and clear.

"I certainly am, Major Brennan," she answered, her eyes never once leaving his face. "And may I ask what reason you can have to object?"

"Reason?" His voice had grown hoarse with passion and surprise. "My God, how can you ask! How can you even face me? Why do you not sink down in shame? Alone here, at such an hour, in company with a Rebel, a sneaking cowardly spy, already condemned to be shot. By Heaven! he shall never live to boast of it!"

He flung up his revolver barrel to prove the truth of his threat, but one stepped directly between us, and shielded me with her form.

"Put down your pistol," she ordered coldly. "I assure you my reputation

is as valuable to me as your life. His revolver was yet in his right hand, gleaming in the starlight, but before he could raise or fire it I had grasped the steel barrel firmly, and the hammer came down noiselessly upon the flesh of my thumb. The next instant we were locked close together in fierce struggle for the mastery. He was the heavier, stronger man; I the younger and quicker. From the first every effort on both sides was put forth solely to gain command of the weapon—him to fire, mine to prevent. For I knew well at the sound of the discharge there would come a rush of blue-coats to his rescue. My first fierce onset had put him on the defensive, but as we tugged and strained his superiority in weight began to tell, and slowly he bore me backward until all the weight of my body rested upon my right leg. Then there occurred to me like a flash a wrestler's trick taught me years before by an old negro on my father's plantation. Instantly I appeared to yield to the force against which I contended with simulated weakness, sinking lower and lower, until, I doubt not, Brennan felt convinced I must go over backward. But as I thus sank, my left foot found steady support farther back, while my free hand sank slowly down his straining body until my groping fingers grasped firmly the broad belt about his waist. I yielded yet another inch, until he leaned so far over me as to be out of all balance, and then, with sudden straightening of my left leg, at the same time forcing my head beneath his chest in leverage, with one tremendous effort I flung him, head under, crashing down upon the hard road. Trembling like a reed from the exertion, I stood there looking down upon the dark



"Put Down Your Pistol," She Ordered Coldly.

form lying huddled at my feet. He rested motionless, and I bent over, placing my hand upon his heart, harried at the mere thought that he might be dead. But the heart beat, and with a prayer of thankfulness I looked up. She stood beside me.

"Tell me, Captain Wayne," she exclaimed anxiously, "he is not seriously hurt?"

"I believe not," I answered soberly. "He is a heavy man, and fell hard, yet his heart beats strong. He must have cut his head upon a stone, however, for he is bleeding."

She knelt beside him, and I caught the whiteness of a handkerchief within her hand.

"Believe me, Mrs. Brennan," I faltered lamely. "I regret this far more than I can tell. Nothing has ever occurred to me to give greater pain than the thought that I have brought you so much of sorrow and trouble. You will have faith in me?"

"Always, everywhere—whether it ever be our fate to meet again or not. But now you must go."

"Go! And leave you here alone? Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid!" she looked about her into the darkness. "Of what? Surely you do not mean of Frank of Major Brennan? And as to my being alone, our quarters are within a scant hundred yards from here, and a single cry will bring me aid in plenty. Hush! what was that?"

It was the shuffling tread of many feet, the sturdy tramp of a body of infantry on the march.

"Go!" she cried hurriedly. "If you would truly serve me, if you care at all for me, do not longer delay and be discovered here. It is the grand rounds. I beg of you, go!"

I grasped her outstretched hand, pressed my lips hotly upon it, and sped with noiseless footstep down the black, deserted road.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Cavalry Outpost.

I imposed merely long enough to feel assured as to her safety, creeping closer until I heard her simple

creed of the low hill toward their quarters. Then I turned my face eastward and tramped resolutely on. I was, first of all, a soldier, and nothing short of death or capture should prevent me reaching Lee with my message. Let what would happen, all else could wait!

The gleam of the stars fell upon the double row of buttons down the breast of the coat I wore, and I stopped suddenly with an exclamation of disgust. Nothing could be gained by longer masquerade, and I felt inexpressible shame at being thus attired. Neither pass nor uniform would suffice to get me safe through those outer picket lines, and if I should fall in the attempt, or be again made prisoner, I vastly preferred meeting my fate late in the faded gray of my own regiment. With odd sense at recall I hastily stripped off the gorgeous trappings, flung them in the ditch beside the road, and pressed on, feeling like a new man.

There was small need for caution here, and for more than an hour I tramped steadily along, never meeting a person or being started by a suspicious sound. Then, as I rounded a low eminence I perceived before me the dark outlines of trees which marked the course of the White Bluff, and half obscured by thick leaves of the underbrush, blazed the red glare of a fire. I knew the stream well, its steep banks of perpendicular rock, its rapid, swirling current which, I was well aware, I was not a sufficiently expert swimmer to cross. Once upon the other bank I should be comparatively safe, but to pass that picket post and attain the ford was another matter. All the good fortune I could ever hope for.

But despair was never for long my comrade, and I had learned how determination opens doors to the courageous—it is ever he who tries that enters in. It took me ten minutes, possibly, creeping much of the way like a wild animal over the rocks, but at the end of that time I had attained a position well within the dense thicket, and could observe clearly the ground before me and some of the obstacles to be overcome.

As I supposed, it was a cavalry outpost; I could distinguish the crossed sabers on the caps of the men, although it was some time before I was able to determine positively where their horses were picketed. There must have been all of twenty in the party, and I could distinguish the lieutenant in command, a middle-aged man with light-colored chin beard, seated by himself against the wall of a small shanty of logs, a pipe to his mouth and an open book upon his knee. His men were gathered close about the blazing fire, for the night air was decidedly chill as it swept down the valley; a number were sleeping, a few at cards, while a little group, sitting with their backs toward me, yet almost within reach of my hand, were idly smoking and discussing the floating rumors of the camp. I managed to make out dimly the figure of a man on horseback beyond the range of flame, and apparently upon the very bank of the stream, when some words spoken by an old gray-bearded sergeant interested me.

"Bob," he said to the soldier lounging next him, "what was it that staff officer said for the lieutenant? I didn't just get his straight of it."

The man, a debonair fellow, stroked his little black mustaches reflectively.

"The cove said as how Cole's division wud be along here afore daylight, an' that our fellows wud likely be sent out ahead of 'em."

"What be they a goin' to?"

"The lieutenant asked him, an' the cove said as it was a general advance to meet 'ol Hancock at Minerva."

"That's good 'nough, inde," chimed in the sergeant, snapping his knee. "It means a dance down the valley after Early. I'm a guessin' we'll have a bang-up of night 'fore three days more."

"Paridin' alters that ther Johnnies don't akedaddle first," commented another, tartly. "What in thunder is ther matter with them horses?" he asked suddenly, rising and peering over into the bushes beyond the hut, where a noise of squealing and kicking had arisen.

"Oh, the bay filly is probably over the rope again," returned the sergeant, lazily. "Sit down, Sims, an' be easy; you're not on horse guard tonight."

"I know that," growled the soldier, doubtfully, "but that ther kid is no good, an' I don't want my bones all banged up just as we're goin' on campaign. Tain't no sorter way ter hitch 'em anyhow, to a picket rope; ruins more horses than ther Hells dew."

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Standard of Colors.

The call for international standards of all kinds is becoming every day more insistent with the progressive unification of the industries of the world. The latest demand of this kind is for an international standard of colors.

Chemists, manufacturers of dyes, stuffs and pigments, and many others would benefit by such a standard. It is suggested that when once the desired color scheme has been decided upon, the best method of perpetuating the standards, and rendering them available for comparison everywhere, would be by means of colored glasses with which a colorimeter could be constructed. A tentative instrument of this kind, based on an arbitrary color scheme, has been made—Youth's Companion.

An Exception: The Foundling. Every mother's son of us has relatives he doesn't like.—Chicago News.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT BLUING.

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